Songs for Four Judges

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to be the grace of the inclined tune of speech

remorseful in my attempts to pacify the conscience of the world
this Earth does not deserve You, but could, by only Your own willingness
I have seen and heard You as male and as female, I know You are neither
You are proclaiming Yourself as a mother/father to the Earth-riddled places

that we hide ourselves, parched and inharmonious, but to You
I understand, You value our agency as well as our vulnerability
have I lost it all to be able talk to You? You Yourself said I was never
meant to write poetry, what a different life You must have had in mind

some years ago I swore to write a thesis for You that captured a sensible adage
I achieved it somewhat, under the wrong God, but the same sentiment
that these songs might have the ability to soothe You, so You said, I do not know
how that it possible, but I believe You, I believe in Your time beside me

once and foremost

It gives me no pleasure to write this poem

depravity surrounds us
until we consume it
capital internalized

the television is a viper
signing checks on your heart
always asking you to leave yourself

now the math parts
and Elijah no longer eats salads
the meat on the bone
will be the disfavored
once and foremost

Free Palestine

“ther as the nyght”

– Rawlinson holding the skull of monarchism

Seen among the Bodleian English oak
there stands the remnant of the U.S. invasion
distribution and kingly affairs among the cast off
wading in the absinthe tint of prairie dreams
fantastical methods and memories for denied mountain gods

Where we are casually at rest with the moon
while the administration coaxes European totalitarianism
permission to bomb Lebanon
like a dismissed parking ticket
hearts are breaking on the vision shore
the ontology of grandfathers never vacant
denote the lost path of meteored poli-archs

Prince of Alcatazatic Plastic Military Monarch

“Good mornin’, General.”
“Today we will take all the plastic across this district, this district, and this unprotected town.”
“Very good, General. I’ll prepare the team and the equipment.”

A single light shines on the General now that the Prince has left. Darkness surrounds him.

“No one knows. Not even the Prince. I will lay the land bare and desolate. I will capture the goodness of every heart and make it fold into itself until it is hate for their neighbors. Here I sing. For I am the plastic King.”

Do not make a widow or take a house

To fertilize with the vertebrates
mythical colloquialisms denying chores
like a stomach virus all impeding tracts
along storyform and storm shutters catastrophe

all refining tools for the neck of the bladder
done with drowning Orange-winged Amazons
time like an amplified and breached lake of heat
trembling imperial palms dancing with aged parents

by the time Isaac frees the citizenry
that did not steal a house or make a widow
for God that will be the self-something
I know He/She/They cares

Untitled (as so named by God)

loud entryways domesticated on loans
where the circumference is a partition
casually a nationwide repentance, seizing
wealth given up, emotive dining
just to live is something to repent for
saturated calves combine with your fighting mind
the waves of the mourners are cryptic

drowning magazines hooked on soldiers's front
the passion of a moment's unexpected adulation
like disguises that wed the other side of day
broken windows triangulating the new nest
the shadows of passion did not die trite
the fabrication of vision is not the crest of our park

dying to find the matter of time
requesting a moment for the great dubbing ocean
capturing one second of the weeks of nationwide grievance

buying sandals

The driver will give me a broken record tooth revival chain
It will be mixed in with the grin and the grain and commotion
drying like salt left out on the doctor's lawn in air of Uphaliday,
cosmetic, dreaming of summer passions where the animals tread

the chauvinism of dancing barefoot as if the sand could not tell
toss your marriage certificate into the light of flame breathing woodlands
welcome your silent passenger like a furnished home made just for you
never stop buying sandals for your older sister who helped to raise you

do not forget the Earth like it is a jewel pardoned from your memory
your family no different than a family in a refugee camp, an ethos of unity – remember
passivism is a disguise wore by many but it is cowardice in the trench
it is a selective hypocrisy, we each have our selling point, just so rarely
is it each other – remember to buy sandals for those sisters among the world
while your pockets do not carry enough food or water, you can at least die for them

Authority of the few obfuscates the sitting wealth of the many

Pick up the facial expression for the equipped special forlange,
they are a seasoned bastion of joy and conjoined command,
commenced in a communal parlance and alter pasture,
dinner in Calabria tuning stock over-packed garage stays,
like Mount Carmel feeding Enoch translated on voyage dispersed,
on trans-scopes of corners not vacant or fast, influenced – wasted
like troops in the valley adopted on duality of discourse of Caleb,
like the armies of masters and the patronage of a few in the valley of murder,
packed up stations from the warming special, never known,
never hurled or bitter or sworn to the enemy, for we
were once kinds of kings ourselves.

It all started with an ancient people and one lone individual, lost in circles,
lost in language, lost in logic, who could see the shapes of things until finally
that became repeated, like clockwork of the imagination, and until finally that became
expanded upon and then finally canon. He was an artist – stolen partitions annulled,
and after he died that of the emblems of his marking became gold, fabled stations,
until they became nothing, his image too sacred to be shown,
not anymore, too deified to be shown to the greatest of these,
never made a salvation to anybody left at the mercy of those in power.

Now the very idea of him a security deposit to keep the wealthy
strong and those without at the bottom of strategic line of societal
structures, like absent Gods on the wind falls on the dulcimer unfurled.
Now disparity is the God of millions. And the very structure of life’s dishonor.

Yesterday's Obstructed Cloud

correspondence or balance,
the ashtray is delicate with dust,
combustible like a favored saint,
one can see the day coming –
there is an indication that's clear

exhuming, digging out, ploughing
long distracted, an agitated testimony,
good health is note of pasture honor
you will never trap or see words of lungs,
natural agents, too dismissive of light

do not look back, packing, scaling
the wilderness stains of August stints,
"is it over," we have not the distance
to know if rapidity will distract thought,
imagination coiled like a pleasing scent

pillars allowing disabled surface standing,
sober and hungry, and close to heaven,
there is no deification like the grouping
hole of yesterday's obstructed cloud,
light and lonely, pummeled and proud

Surfacing Elephant

having spent six years in almost too deep water
towed down with clothes on in black night
in the seventh year the sun starts to shine
clarity starts to find me out and I see the enemy
he is reflected in the pairing of my mind
my body rests emotive peeling him off me
I use my legs to push against the wet shell
it is attached to my back like a second skin
the simultaneous acts of surfacing and shedding
the six-year-midnight will take a while to leave
the fresh thought of the new year, the new sun
I find I am changed, the same, and here for a reason
no reason is unique or contrasts special meaning
just another milestone on the record of ladders

Constructs of southern coats of arms on the diamond-ash rain-stations

seeking cover from the tight rope of a place in the marginal station
conceived once as promised by an oath, now degrades under scale
matted perception torn as a palace of being our neighbors stake –
just to give enough room to be, to allow for expression, shifts aside
according to who has procured comforts beyond their needs
a tight rope, to seal the greed of tornado runs on a land bestowed –
without climbing riders of fathers and mothers of passive guilds
the charm of the fumes of corrupt storied ports will seethe into us
leaving us undaunted to take the blame for Earth's robbed envy

28 years

Damnation is flashing heroin you were
inadvertently given as a form of punishment
while you are wildly high in the sky on a large,
climbing tree limb swing endowed with apt nature.

“Did you see?” you might think, but it was all
you thought that was the illusion.

You were never getting an afterlife for your suffering.

(a) landlocked parade mocked wedding (b) insubordinate geological age

(Bailing associate lawyer out)
“Are you kidding?
You’re still alive because of me.
I got you out of jail.
Because you quit and de-persecuted”

(Gunman kicking prisoners)
“We’re starting to separate.
You’re not at all allowed
to talk to your trainees”

(postscript; previously mentioned in attire)
dormant wedding blouses
cajoling the Easter parade
where winter pays dues
to unwritten seismic pressure
doling passion fruit and wine
where tires tend to behest chivalry
like a missing elocution of patronizing
mass design, temples in the doorway
seeing to the problems of the flock
where scarce was the romance
and the language was petty arsenal
for muted distribution and partnered,
fealty of conscience – deciding vespers knots
were more noteworthy, than Easter wed

In the dust where Abraham lives

For Dr. Collington Peacewool

"I wrote a poem on a dog biscuit"
– Galaxie 500, "Fourth of July"

money gutted on a dirt road
telling all of the secrets that it sold
memory is a favored schism of dreams
makes things worse than it seams

pity and memory swashbuckling and dancing
ramifications of parley backyard fencing
steps to avoid pregnancy like the mayor of the body
avoiding the resemblance of a new police eye'd invader

too much trouble for Sarah or fishing books
like Abraham's gutting and cleaning counter talking
outside by the shed, remote and frowning
where her sons smoke cigarettes with love

the God swollen sheets would visit when he was just 149
starving with the ankle bracelet covering a tattoo
never frightened of the shelf-made reasoning, that Abraham
living to cross sideways in the dark and docile fabrics

shoved into the dryer fighting with the stolen spin cycle
rest Abraham, drink your whiskey bread soldier pants
you were never meant to see this part, where you live
where the forger dies under the terrain of your land's cry

Docent Finches in Appalachia Drinking Berries

a glass audience weeps for no person like a Peg-billed Finch
drinking berries and tossing the rest off Costa Rica branches

berries teaching weeds to envelop
the abandoned carcasses of trains
of the oppressed north

dominant hands are still, but stinging,
waving at the opposing army at night
when they will not be *surprised*
or frightened

of being in her house
under her bed

working for us with cinnamon wingbars
charging with her disarmament and piercing
between the antesque society and the gavel,
a song of glass heard across borders and holy texts

forest rangers in Appalachia are singing,
“All the birds are God”

The collaborator and the carriage

The fruit tree in the pardoned yard
said, “you love regret. Why are
you at this symmetry?”

“a carriage. a lawn cycle. a measuring
rod. all keepsakes from our forgotten
temple dress rehearsal.”

“come clean,” said the neighbor,
“you have tea in bed. How bad
can it be?”

“for the moment, you’re right,” I answered,
“for the moment I am a form like Joseph
collaborated.”

You told us you were the enemy

storms clashing in the bleachers
where the voices reach the center field
the stress of the induction
seems to call, “didn’t you crave the end?”
“What changed?”

“You said you experienced it all.
Now your heart moves like there
is something more.”

the tales of our particular disaffection
have never been fully formed or realized
it is as though no one has spoken
for most of us, because of us, becoming us
with accuracy and a realistic representation

no one could love this nightmare
enough to be proud of telling the story
why should we tell you our story
it is not yours to keep
in Canada some of us
would qualify for doctor assisted
suicide while in ‘merica we can’t
even qualify for disability,
and your gaze and prodding and judgement
and use your two-bit factoid
like you could draw a map,
to contain our entirety, penciled in expert,
you yourself are the enemy,
you always were, it is not us that made
you so, or marked you as the enemy,
it is you that told us that you were,
you told us right away

no primary language of the afterlife

no language, no design, no tension – no countering weight
no book that can tell the truth of our misgivings in the wild of the trailer park
birthing us into a void like a fishnet apprehension that speaks to God
regionality forced upon us where corn and dew settle on the angelic front
no words that can compel the broken down leniency agasp like clockwork dismissal
a God that fits a letterbox saw through my trial and coined me uncertainty
in a place where no messiah sees Earth as a wedding vow
but does see us under the measures of our trace cognition
attempting to lift our immobile spirits in the least grateful of times

a hegemony strikes the world while our least efforts condole a reception of spirits
triggers and ashtrays and bespoken pirated lands of corporate cleaning rooms
resting on Brean admonished hands for marked entry and storied stellar concerns
a statehouse upon graves mark the territory of forbidden movements
forbidden motives corral the scapegoat reception after the dampened weddings
poets try to entrap God into acting with hymns of toss-decorated words
and bylines of misplaced chords while all adults were in attendance,
a romance of weddings with built fearful architecture for the enemies of good
in an act so desperate they merely almost got their way, parsing aside a reconciliation

Endpiece

Every morning feels like God
is close to having something to say.
There were certainly times when
She/He/They did speak, but we
would not hear with elevation.
We only stringed battlements and
conquest as a meter of the present
dialogue of calamitous stripes.

Against the university nails of split
wood and hammered reason for cures
and triumph with false mastery. Where
wicked software engineers douse themselves
in exposure and disgust. Feeling, perhaps,
they were invincible, they tread on the weak
and exploit and subdue our people.

And it is our own people that we must
first wear the clothing of care for
if we are to ever hear God, some of us
must first be judged or exiled to be
cleansed, an attempt to be purified,
if we are to be able to hear how the
wronged are the leaders of the Earth.

The Wronged lead us always.

Not a select few, but all of them,
the entirety living and present whole,
collectively borrow from the voice
of God and once there, shine a light
up the nose and into the brain and
though to the walls outside the head
until the saltatory wedding pictures
brandish anew. New chances for some,
upon the green smokestack, like fever
dreams that will not go away, or walking
on thrones of propelled outer temples.

This is a pouring endpiece.

This endpiece does not favor the
tempered towership of father joints,
injunction dismissed in the entry,
dissolved where there are excuses
that do not erase the guilt, but hold
up a sensible view, but only for
a select, tormented few.

Let no one forget the entitled men
who victimized the saints.

Let no one forget January.

Is this just the beginning of tears?
Or will God's voice finally become
clear to the masses, continuous and
the rushing of a new enlightenment
taken forward, with the vanguard
once we realize we do not need their
permission to grow or develop
something better.

An ecological discourse
on community degrowth;
an ontological formula of becoming.
When the law does not work,
one should see it was only designed
with the powerful as a priority.

Let no one harm our true leaders.
The victimized and exploited.

Let God be heard by all and stoutly
declare, "All those things that shall be
better deserved, shall be done. Entirely,
without division, save the harmful,
seaside, febrile grapes."

collective ethical patience

there is a difference between collective patience
and collective ethical patience, just as ethical
patience will not do. But collective ethical
patience is what transcribes and what translates
between God and our tormentors on Earthe.

I had thought that constructive anger would
yield positive organizing, but God shored up
my weariness and pointed out that I was wrong.
that there is no constructive anger that opposes
the color green for the look of the man, door
disheveled, stroke in the lightening where
spirits tune out of the quest, and into the
misdirected shovel lambasting permanence
for patient egress. a fomenting catalogue.

blood and ashtrays on Dilworth Farm

peace for consecrate pronunciation
of guillotine gusts markings where
guesses of patriot standings in strand,
pro-government leftists are the doctored

new centrists stealing hammers and nails
across the sacred vowing protruding hearts,
mailing scattered hailing storms,
bedrest cops upon gorgeous mistakes

making each one of us better people
in one way or another, inside them,
lines of patterned causeways laughing
alongside laying prisoners, see how

the prisoners now have just swapped
places, but have not grown their souls
or comfort prodding tools in the blood
and ashtrays, show me your evidence texts,

see your signature dip, what they don't tell
you in pursuit of a criminal is that you risk
becoming one of them, friends joined anew,
what telling hearts fund clockwork strings
disputing raisin wine for the patrimony
of tired, recondite hands on Dilworth Farm

hearts and tomatoes

fettered in altered clandestine towels of tomorrow's dead praises
we left behind finding gardening pretentious tomato collections
on the back of giants now again where black olives and perfect
organic romaine lettuce goes to get on the table ferrets trying gold ice
talking to God and coming to realize it takes only God to love me,
no one else, but only God to love me and forgive me and think me
worth being a member of humanity worth loving, worth living,
worth being preserved as something in art as though I am deserving,
I am not, I am not, I am not a creature who deserves forgiveness
or love or compassion or trust or love or life or caring in human eyes,
they should let me die by time, by the dead trees at the party signal,
ransacked around the covered, protected batteries, still and sleeping,
no one will notice my war-shock take on the broken heroic couplets
that I keep open, undesired, un-asked for, unmentioned in tired hours

Human Disposal Reproduced

Coming in from the calling of the light
the misplaced trust in the people
South Carolina ripples in the self-esteem
of crows with the memory of trials in the
body that pass on reproduced and hesitant
borders of bystanders long forgotten
by the waves of wicked seasons in wind,
Archangels before the trials of the broken
sounds of the sun – metric, denied, dispensed;
do not sell another person's labor
and do not own the earth

on balance in the road on a field maneuver

Assemblypersons that did not provoke the fire in the restroom stall
the assistants to the maître d' did incline the wedding into the bathroom
"it just happened," God stanced, with a coy smile a file on vacuum energy
like stationed patrimony that witnesses dozens of bathroom weddings every hour
we did not want to do this, but we tried to call it into a declined affair

it felt like a purge, like a failed state in the midst of a standing officer in the commissary
shopping for crab legs and neighborly appetizers next to the beer aisle ailing in shame
cosmic doorways in wards for the misgiving, that is what God says, "misgivings about me,
my family, my door's name, and my daughter, you will not come to my house that way,
so shall we all depart." and that is the message of the evening,
following the night of the fire in the bathroom wedding
a path to victory for the assistants for the assembleypersons getting high on stage

on balance in the road on a field maneuver, rowing to the science of a troubled handling vocation
where angels throw away tire irons and get in trouble supplying the masses with stock brigades